

Four Walls

by BLONDEbehaviour

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astoria G., Draco M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-08 15:08:54

Updated: 2016-04-08 15:08:54

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:48:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 4,899

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A jigsaw puzzle, sliding together piece by piece

1. Before

And I'm trying hard to make you love me,

But I don't want to try too hard

And those four walls now

Are the only place that I can breathe out

-Four Walls, The Broods

* * *

><p>She remembered the day she saw him. I mean really saw him.<p>

The grains of time moved deliciously slow, giving her an opportunity to devour every sweet slice of his features. His sly smirk from a sarcastic remark. The way he held himself, staunch and brash, like a serpent at his prime. White-blond hair, tousled over a handsome face, his silver eyes bright and full of alluring determination. Even as a young girl, she knew she could float away happily on that deep toned laugh of his.

Graduating out of his purebred family's downfall, and the harsh aftermath of war-torn worlds had been harsh on him. The battle torturing his strong will, leaving behind a shell of his former self, one that steered clear of the

The quiet man who frequents the back corner of the small, stone pub in the not-so-pleasant part of muggle London each evening keeps to himself, with only his bottle of tequila for comfort. His empty

silver eyes stare hot holes through the wall, and the blond stubble on his face is deceiving, as she knows he hasn't shaved in some days. His face now bares a small pink scar under his eye, where he was struck by a bottle two weeks ago, when attacked in a pub fight.

How did she know so much about this hollow of a man who had tried so desperately to keep to himself?

Three weeks ago, she wandered into that very pub, burdened with her own woes of the day looking for a pick-me-up. Beer in hand, she took a seat, and her sapphire eyes fell upon said man. The worn-down man she recalled as the shadow of the boy she secretly loved, back in Hogwarts. All that was light and pride, now faded and silent.

Watching him in the corner of her eye, it became clear to her just how much she wanted to talk to the him, the boy she had loved from afar.

As she exited the pub that evening, the strings in her heart stretched out in a feeble attempt to stay, not wanting to leave the man behind. So many questions lay before her.

And so she returned. The same night every week, and sat at the corner of the bar, watching him bore holes into the wall like it could dissolve with enough strength. Thinking. Thinking about the man he had become. She was trying to summon up the courage to talk to the man who was infamously a ghost of his former self, and had taken to walking off the face of the earth.

One night, after one too many shots of tequila, the courage flowed through her veins, and she walked slowly over to his table and sat down beside him.

"You know, for a while people thought you'd died."

His silver eyes moved slowly from the wall to her face, taking in a moment to drink in her features, before settling on his glass of whiskey in front of him.

"For a while, I had."

And with that, the two began a silent agreement to share the table and drink away their evenings.

* * *

><p>After a few weeks, the complacent silence became too much for her, and she tried her luck with opening the jar of worms.<p>

"Why are you here?"

"Why are you here?"

"Because I like this pub. It's nice to have a drink in the evenings."

He scoffed, a small smirk appealing on his unshaven face.
"Bullshit"

"That doesn't answer my question."

"It doesn't have to. Maybe try to start a conversation with something a bit more light-hearted, love."

She narrowed her eyes at his bad use of sarcasm. "Fine. My, what shitty weather we are having at the moment."

He laughed. A genuine, full bodied laugh. The type that made her hair prickle and skin stand up on end. "Your pathetic. Try again next time."

The laughter waltzed him out the door.

She did not watch him go. She reveled in the spark of the man she knew reigniting.

Then and there, he became her challenge, her jigsaw puzzle that had been scattered around the room, ready to put back together.

The same evening every week, in the small London pub, be it in silent company or broken conversation about nothing in particular, pieces began to slide slowly into place.

* * *

><p>Two months after this trumped up camaraderie had began, he tore his eyes from the wall, and stared at her for a few moments, as she looked calmly into her drink, her mind elsewhere and not noticing his stare. Three weeks after this camaraderie began, he broke the silence.<p>

"I don't understand this."

She looked up at him, brow furrowed in confusion. "Understand what?"

"Why you are here, when you must have much better things to be doing with your time."

She sat still for a moment, then shrugged her shoulders, her sapphire eyes fixed in on his puzzled gaze.

"Everyone needs a friend."

He rolled his eyes at her.

"I don't need a friend. I need calm; confinement from the craziness of the world we have out there." He was unable to hide the disdain in his voice.

She shrugged again, and stayed quiet. Grasping her glass and draining the contents, she stood abruptly and looked down at him with an angry expression on her face. "I don't disagree. But the dark colours in our world have lightened since you last stepped foot in it. Perhaps you should look before you drink yourself to death in a world of grey."

If his head wasn't spinning, he would've almost been shocked from her outburst.

* * *

><p>She didn't go to the pub the next week. Her anger for his arrogance rang ferociously in her heart, keeping her away from his company. She decided that a night of loneliness may open up his eyes to see for himself how that his pride was getting the best of him, and he should go and see how their world had changed for the better, and not for the worse.<p>

But it didn't mean she didn't miss him.

No activity quelled the want to wander down to the familiar stone pub just around the corner from her small apartment. Being in his presence gave her a warmth that could be felt down to her bones, and on that night alone, nothing could keep her warm.

He didn't miss her. Not really.

He still had his usual corner table in the back, by the fire where he liked it. And his bottle of whiskey with the crystal glass. And he stared holes into the wall in front of him until he felt fit to leave later in the night.

Yet, he found his eyes meandering to the chair in which she would usually occupy.

Again.

And again.

He drank two bottles of whiskey that night. But the next morning, squinting his eyes and a dark glare painted on his face, he set foot through the passage that set his safety net behind him and in full visibility of his nightmares.

* * *

><p>She arrived at the pub before him the following week. Sitting down with her bottle of wine, anticipation threatening to bubble over, she waited for him to turn up.<p>

When he sat down opposite her, she sensed a different air about him. "You went, didn't you?"

He ignored her. Slowly, taking deliberate steps, he up-stoppered his bottle and poured himself a glass of whiskey. She watched him with articulate precision, not missing an action.

"Didn't you?"

He ignored her once more, lifting the crystal glass calmly to his lips and taking a sip. She watched his tongue lick the lingering taste off his lips softly afterwards.

By god, did she love him.

She rolled her eyes at his actions. "Your childish silence answers the question for me. Well I suppose this renders a big fat 'I told you so'."

He shrugged, before taking another sip of his drink. "Yeah okay. I went. I gandered. It's a bloody alley. Doesn't look much different than before, except theres a few more open stores and less Wanted posters. Where were you last week?"

She looked up at him, his eyes were boring into her own.

"Iâ€¦I had other things to do. You know, those other things you keep telling me I could be doing that would be better than being here."

He stared at her.

"I didn't actually meanâ€¦"

"Mean what?"

Her breath caught in her throat at what he could blurt out next.

He shook his head in frustration.

"I didn't mean you should go off and do them. I justâ€¦figured you'd have other places you'd rather be, is all." He turned his eyes away from her, frowning down at his drink, like he was unhappy his mouth had betrayed him.

Each word he was saying made her feel more and more weightless.

"I don't exactly care that you are here. But I'd rather you be here than outâ€¦out there."

He stammered the sentence to her, glaring viciously at the amber liquid in his crystal glass.

She broke a small smile at him.

"Oh really? So does that make us friends?"

An exasperated sigh and withering glare was the answer she received.

* * *

><p>So she continued to entertain his tequila flavoured, moonshine decisions, and the conversations became less forced and more open. He weaned out of her, her families fallen status and parent's whereabouts, and she prodded him until he cracked about his parents trial and fathers imprisonment. They discussed their early years at Hogwarts (never the late years), and their mutual affection for flying.<p>

He began to venture through that passageway more often and embrace the change of the world he left behind, and she tried, but failed, to put her kalediscope of feelings into a shadow of a sentence.

The evening when he walked in with a shaven face, she knew a real change was beginning to show in him.

He sat down, whiskey in hand, with a small smirk grazing his lips. He

silently filled his glass, and hers, and watched her watch him.

"What do you think?"

She lifted an eyebrow

"What? Like you haven't not noticed."

She took a sip, and cocked her head to one side, smiling softly.

"Oh, I've noticed. I'm just trying to fathom it. Who knew you could look so prim and proper."

He frowned.

"Prim and proper?"

She smiled in reply.

"That's the last time I try to look clean cut. Dirty and unruly forever, for now on."

"If that's your decision. Though I'm sure ladies would find you much more attractive clean shaved, you know."

He looked sideways at her.

"Do you think I look more attractive clean shaven?"

Their eyes met and her whole body vibrated with need. Need to be close to him, and need to tell him.

"Do I count?"

He shrugged and turned away. Her stomach descended like a coffin deep into the earth.

"Well yeah, I spose. You are a woman, aren't you?"

She nodded and looked down at her drink once more, lifting the amber liquid to her lips and finishing it all in one clear motion.

She drank two bottles of whiskey that night. He drank one.

* * *

><p>AN: Hi there! Hope you enjoy this story, I loved writing it! All comments welcome :)

2. During Pt I

She ventured through that passageway the next week, in search of a way that would make her more enticing to him. She bought herself new clothes, new jewellery and redid her hair; all in the hopes that it would make a difference in the way that he looked at her.

But it didn't.

And the conversation stayed the same, combing through trivial banter about nothing in particular, shying away from the topics that made them reach for another bottle.

She began to think she was tying herself to an anchor set to be thrown overboard, destined to sink, and sink alone without a need for her to be there.

But when a familiar stony face wandered into the small stone pub, and sat itself down at their table, she realised just how fortunate she was to have his "cheery" company.

"Well hello folks! Long time no see! Fancy seeing you both here." Snigger. Stony Face never was one for hiding his contempt well.

He sneered and stared at the wall past Stony Face, ignoring his presence.

She narrowed her eyes in frustration. Being the more civilized of the two, she decided it would only be polite to reply.

"Yes, well, not many people wander up to this side of town. We happened upon each other, decided to catch up, have a drink. What about yourself?"

There was not a shred of warmth in her voice.

Stony Face smirked at her wickedly.

"I'm here on business. Though I hearâ€¦you are both living around this area." Stony Face chuckled. "Your families betrayals have you both fallen from grace and now you live, well, here. How on earth did you wind up like this?"

It was all she could do to keep her anger under wraps.

He, however, was not holding it in as well.

Stony Face left the pub with a limp, a couple of broken knuckles and a possible concussion.

She was left to help clean up his wounds while he drank away the pain with more whiskey.

"That was uncalled for, you know."

He winced as she wiped the blood carefully from around his eye. He frowned at her.

"What was uncalled for?"

"Hitting him so vigorously. And punching him in the head. You didn't need to do that."

He shrugged and took a small sip of the amber liquid.

"Shit happens. He could've watched his tongue better."

She shook her head and bandaged up his hand. His hands felt soft and

smooth against her own, his own warmth radiating onto her.

"Un-fucking-fortunately, he's right, you know."

She stopped bandaging his hand and looked up at him, her wide eyes hitting his hard gaze.

"What on earth do you mean?"

He got up from his chair, taking the bottle of whiskey with him, and stood by the large fireplace not far from their table. He stared into it for a few quiet moments, taking a swig from the bottle here and there.

She watched him, his pale skin reflecting the shadow of the flame on his face. His silver eyes that were once empty, radiated in that moment life, drive and anger.

She was looking at a man who's shell was slowly beginning to fall away. In the meantime, in her eyes, he was the most colourful, most exciting and invigorating shell you could find. She wanted to climb inside and be wrapped in his presence.

He turned to look at her.

"Everyone looks at me as this abomination of a person. Not cruel enough to be considered bad. Not wholesome enough to be considered good. I'm stuck in this purgatory of nothingness, where it's easier for me to disappear from that world and start fresh out here than to try and make a name for myself in a place that, for one reason or another, hates me."

His anger and anguish had finally settled on a person. For some time it had flown in the air around him, like a bubble of noxious gas between him and any human contact. He hadn't thought for a fleeting second that it would be the beautiful blonde who sat herself down at his table one night and decided to share with him her company. Though, really, he didn't mind it was her. He could definitely think of worse people.

She looked on at him, taken aback at his outburst of emotion. She wrung her hands together, thinking of the right thing to say. A million thoughts ran through her mind, but nothing right came ahead for her to say.

"I'm sorry you feel that way."

She felt even stupider saying it out loud.

He smiled at her. A large, genuine smile, and she melted, feeling like she would fall to the floor if she wasn't holding onto the chair for support.

"You are sorry? Love, if anyone's sorry, it should be this dolt over here who think it's appropriate to blurt such things out."

He laughed wickedly at himself, taking a large gulp of whiskey.

"I'm wandering around in circles. The only reason I have a glimmer of

something resembling normalcy is because you pried your way into my life and pushed me out of my comfort zone. I might get a proper job soon because of you, you know."

"Really? That's great! I told you you'd get something."

He shrugged, and walked over to her, handing her the bottle.

"Does it feel good, knowing you've made an impact in my life? See you tomorrow"

He winked at her before draining his glass he left on the table, picking up his jacket with his good hand and slowly making his way to the exit, leaving her watching his silhouette in the firelight.

"You have no fucking idea"

* * *

><p>There was a dance on one evening that they were there together. The pub was loud and crowded, and took up most of the room that they reveled in the darkness of.<p>

They sat silently in the back corner table, watching on as the strangers danced together in a flurry of colourful shirts and dresses, with a mix of elation and alcohol.

"That could be us, you know"

He scrunched up his face in distaste

"Er, fuck off. I'm not doing that. They look ridiculous!"

"Liar. We both took dance lessons when we were younger."

"Doesn't count"

"Yes it does"

"Doesn't"

"Does"

"Doesn't"

"Does"

Exasperated sigh.

"Fine. If we have one dance, then will you shut your trap?"

He pulled her up from her chair in their dark corner of isolation and onto the makeshift dance-floor, where the light was bright and they were exposed, and danced to a quiet, slow number.

He grasped her arms, placing them around his neck, and placed his own on her waist, looking soulfully into her eyes as they moved slowly around the dance-floor.

"I hate this."

"Deal with it. Dancing is nice sometimes, you prude."

He glared down at her menacingly.

"I am not a prude."

She smirked.

"No. You're just no fun."

And with that, they silently danced deliciously slow around the dance-floor, mimicking each others steps like the night follows the day, aligned together perfectly until the song ended.

Disentangling themselves from each other, they locked eyes, deep in thought about the other. About how they had ended up here. About what it meant for them. Without realising it, the band began a new, upbeat tune that had the strangers dancing circles around them.

She tore her eyes away, looking around the frivolous dancing.

"One more, please?"

He rolled his eyes and took her hand. The spark was electrifying. He pulled her into the circle of dancing bodies, and they moved joyfully together, laughing freely, letting their cold exterior shells melt away from them for a few precious moments.

He watched her, face lit up brightly, eyes closed enjoying the freedom of releasing herself into nothing. After a few moments she opened her eyes and looked straight at him. She watched his silver eyes follow her hands as she raised both his and hers above their heads, and spun around in perfect tune to the music.

He rang out, his deep laughter musical and full bodied, identifying that he was truly enjoying himself.

She was certain she couldn't love him more than she did in that moment.

* * *

><p>AN: All comments welcome!

3. During PtII

He could not remember the day he saw her. But he sees her now.

He looked past the platonic shadow of the friend he had gotten to know over the cold winter months, and let a new, fresh attraction spring forth.

The way her sapphire eyes sparkled when she laughed, lighting up her face. How confident she was in herself, in what she could do to make the people around her happy, and how determined she was to make the world a better place. The way she held her chin in her palm just so, when she was listening intently, and nibbled on her fingernail. How she was dancing in circles around him, the serene look of freedom

making her more beautiful than ever as she swayed along to the beat of the music.

He soon realized it was those little things he liked about her.

She had handled her family's fall from grace with the same poise that she posed back in school, giving off an air of confidence that he always knew she possessed and wouldn't falter.

Confidence in a woman would always be one of his biggest attractions. Dammit.

When she began interrupting his nights of deep thought, he saw her as an intriguing yet avoidable threat; like a large spider on the wall: its form beautiful and inviting, but easily destructive if approached without the proper caution.

So he thought better of approaching said situation, nor did he really want to. He'd avoided any real interaction in years, and he was happy to live out the solitude he had created for himself.

But like a buzzing in the ear, she continued to reappear in his life, and he hadn't the energy nor the willpower to face an argument. So he had begrudgingly allowed her to stay, trying his best to ignore her presence.

But ignorance only goes so far. And silence becomes daunting, hollow to the very core. He found himself warming to her presence, the spicy smell of her perfume and the way that he could quietly hear her sighs as she thought of a way to break the ice.

* * *

><p>She entered the pub late that afternoon, noticing the crowd at the front and quickly spying him sitting in the background, eying her up as she walked to the bar. She smiled slightly and nodded to him.<p>

He didn't nod back, but stared, steel eyes boring into sapphire.

She ordered two bottles of whiskey and two glasses, before making her way through the small crowd to the table.

Taking a seat and sliding a bottle to him, she unstopped her own and poured a generous amount into her glass in silence.

Taking a slow, strong sip she watched him as he did the same.

"Would you consider an idea for a minute?"

He stared at her once more, a flicker of a puzzlement in his eyes

"And what is that?"

She took another strong sip. Who knew how he'd take her proposal.

"What do you think about us spending some time togetherâ€|not in this pub?"

The rolling of his eyes would've been missed by anyone else, if she wasn't searching for it.

"I'm not really the dating type, sweetheart"

She chuckled, but internally her heart sank. Thinking she was finally working her way through that hard exterior of his was obviously a facade.

"That's not what I meant, smart-ass. But there's plenty of other places we can hang out. Go for a walk around the park, coffee shops. Can be muggle places, if you like. We don't have to delve into the other world if you want to stay anonymous"

He scoffed quietly. She frowned, not liking her odds that she'll get anywhere with him.

"I don't really go anywhere else. Home, work, here. They are my places of belonging. The anonymity here is what helps me. I don't feel a need to go elsewhere. With the exception of yourself, I'm invisible here. I prefer it that way." He said, rubbing the back of his neck subconsciously.

He knew that was a whole-hearted lie. He wanted to spend time with her outside of the pub, but that would mean he would have to show that they were something, that she meant something to him.

He wasn't ready for that. Not yet

He observed the flash of sadness in her eyes.

"Oh, well that's ok then. But sometime, you know, when your ready, I think it would be nice!"

He couldn't keep the small smile under wraps that threatened to grace his lips.

She reacted shyly to the smile, the ends of her lips dragging slightly upwards before looking away and to the crowd of people.

"What do you think made the place so busy tonight?"

Her voice was softer than the finest silk.

He shrugged, looking around him and taking in the familiar surrounds.

"Maybe they just realised how amazing this place is, just like us. I feel like we should get discounts off the booze here, for how often we frequent this place"

She rolled her eyes. "I think maybe we need to see someone about how often we drink here. Talk about a pair of alcoholics"

He feigned shock and hurt. "Come now, I am truly offended by that! For all you know, we could be keeping this pub afloat! We are doing them a kindness by drinking our weight in whiskey!"

He narrowly avoided the bottle lid that was thrown at his head.

* * *

><p>When she woke up the next day with a dry mouth and a throbbing headache, she lay in bed for several hours, replaying the one thought that had been rocking through her mind like a bad song on repeat; should she keep caring about this silly man that seems to want nothing but the mere shadow of companionship in the dark depth of an old pub, when she wants the world and more from him?<p>

She knew she was destroying herself, both physically and mentally, but she had gone past the point of no return. She knew there was strength and goodness in him, in the past months she had seen it reappear, and that is what she loved about him.

Loved?

Loved.

She would continue on her quest, because she knew that you didn't give up on those that you believed in. And his sad soul was no exception.

Her musings were interrupted by a quiet knock at her front door. She padded slowly to her door and opened it soundlessly, where he stood with an unreadable expression on his face, and a light sprinkle of snow on his coat. He held onto two cups, steaming slightly.

She smiled shyly at him, as she took the hot cup that he gestured to her.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"I was in the neighborhood"

"You were in the neighborhood? Why aren't you at work?"

He shrugged and took a sip of his drink.

"Still want that walk?"

She couldn't hide her grin, even if she wanted to.

He escorted her, her arm in his, into the soft snowfall where they wandered aimlessly enjoying each others' company.

She felt like she was in an out of body experience; watching herself with walk with him in the daylight, where she could see every refined detail of him, from the sun glinting off his cuff-links on his suit, to the sheen on his shoes. He turned to look at her, she watched his steel eyes wander over her, observing her.

"This feels very odd"

She laughed, "It does feel a bit unusual, doesn't it? If we do it more often it will feel a bit more normal," she hinted, a glint of mischievousness in her eye.

He cocked an eyebrow at her. "Don't get ahead of yourself, this is a

test run. Us vampires don't usually like the day," he joked.

He turned her towards a small cafe, holding the door open for her and taking a seat, waving the waitress over.

She looked at him, amused. "My, how this feels familiar."

The waitress arrived and took his order of two coffees.

He laughed. "Well, it's not whiskey, so it's a bit different."

They sat in silence, drinking their coffees and enjoying each others company. After some time, he looked at his watch and sighed, placing some money on the table.

"I have to leave, can't miss a whole day of work, unfortunately"

She tried to hide her disappointment. "That's very true. I should get some work done too"

He stood up, adjusting his suit, and looked at her with a small smile.

"Enjoy the rest of the day," he said softly, and leaned in to give her a small, soft kiss on the cheek. He moved back, smiled at her, and left.

She grinned, watching his back as he walked out.

* * *

><p>AN: All comments welcome! Chp.4 will be up soon

End
file.